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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

7/11/10 - 11/10/10

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS - EPISODE NO 10

(BLUE)

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11:50-1:00 PM

DATE 10/17

FRIDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: "March" "Sammy's Song"

ANNOUNCER: Within the boundaries of many of our National Forests there are vast areas of valuable lands which are not penetrated by our roads and are not suitable for rapid transportation. In cases where fire outbreaks occur in one of these remote back-country regions, one of the problems it presents is the matter of getting supplies quickly to the men fighting on the fire line. One means of speeding up the service of supply, the U.S. Forest Service for the past few years has been experimenting with many methods and devices for dropping supplies from airplanes. Special techniques in packing various kinds of supplies or equipment and in methods of dropping and recovery is needed. Supplies are to be delivered while the fire fighting crew is in the field, maintaining contact from the air. Parachutes or various kinds have been tried. Recently the Forest Service has achieved some notable success in this difficult work. In these experiments and many others will continue until every possible means of speeding up the service and efficiency is found. The Forest Service wants the men to win.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCEMENT (Cont'd)

Today, on the Pine Cone National Forest, experiments of this same kind are in progress. As we arrived at the ranger station we find Ranger Jim Robbins, assistant ranger Jerry Quirk, and Bob LaSorie, schoolmate of Jerry's and the pilot for one of the commercial flying companies that supplies planes when needed by the Forest Service. Here they are in the office laying out the day's work.

JIM: (FADING IN) Here you are Bob. There on the map, mark -- That's the location of the emergency landing field we'll use for our tests.

BOB: At the foot of Bald Peak, eh?

JIM: That's right.

JERRY: It's a line between the lookout station on the coast and a schoolhouse. You can see both at sea when you get up.

JIM: When we get to the field, we'll build a house as you can locate us.

BOB: What's the target on the field look like?

JIM: It's about a twenty-five foot circle of lime.

JERRY: It's easy enough to get from the air. I made the ball point on the last test we had.

BOB: Did you?

JERRY: Yeah. I used one when we first started. But that was really dumb. But finally I figured out a way to do it. So we dropped a package that squashed in the middle of the circle. It was flying at about three hundred feet.

BOB: That's plenty good. Are you dropping the stuff today?

JERRY: Not today. It did work out well on the ground.

JIM: Well, the main thing is I want to get some of our other stuff practiced up on this one too.

BOB: What's going to do the dropping?

JERRY: Slim. He's one of our best. You remember him? He's a good

man. I think I go.

JIM: He wants to be here or now.

Page 11

JERRY: I called him and he didn't answer. When he got his way over.

JIM: Slim isn't very anxious to fly, Bob. (CHUCKLES) You'll have to treat him gently.

JERRY: Yeah, the old dodger's pretty fidgety about it.

JIM: Are you sure he said he'd go, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure. I made a bet with him that he couldn't make as many bull's eyes as I did. Bet him three pounds of that terrible stinky smokin' tobacco he uses.

JIM: Well, that oughta bring it. I never knew Slim to waver out of a bet.

JERRY: Maybe he oughta go ahead and not wait for his. Jim.

BOB: We can be loading the plane while we're waiting, anyhow.

JIM: Yeah. Let's see if it have to fix up one more parachute won't it?

JERRY: There isn't any more rope for the parachute. Jim.

JIM: I thought we had plenty.

JERRY: It took more to fix the loose than we figured.

BESS: (CALLING IN) Well, hell, leave Bob. I'm glad to see you again.

BOB: Thanks Mrs. Robbins. I try to get myself detailed up here as often as I can.

BESS: I was just going to ask Jim if he'd be back in time for supper. We'd like to have you stay if you can.

BOB: That all depends on what Jim says.

JIM: We'll be through in plenty of time.

BESS: That's splendid.

JIM: Say, Bess, could I ask a favor of you?

BESS: What is it, Jim?

JIM: Could I borrow your clothes line rope?

BESS: Of course, Jim. It's on the back porch.

JERRY: (FADING) I'll go get it, Jim.

BESS: Are these the packages you're going to drop from the plane?

JIM: Yep, those are the ones, Bess.

BESS: What's in them?

JIM: Different things. This one's a package of canned goods. It's about the size of a box, I guess. Weighs thirty pounds. Beans, corn, potatoes, and so on.

BESS: Those are supposed to be rations for the crew on the line, Jim?

JIM: When fire fighters have to eat. This one's a package of dry goods -- sugar, beans, prunes, cereal, and so on.

BESS: But won't the package break open when it hits the ground?

JIM: That's what we want to find out, Bess. We're going to test out these different ways of packaging the stuff now, so we'll know how to do it when we have an emergency case. This one's a package of tools, and we've got a saw, a hatchet, a brace, and so on.

BESS: Now, Jim, you can't drop such a hundred feet without breaking them.

JIM: A hundred feet? Well, going to drop 'em from about four hundred feet, Bess.

BESS: Now, Jim, that's absurd -- They'll be smashed all to pieces.

JIM: I don't think so, Boss. We're going to use this special crate, like the one we use for packing eggs on Stein's mules. And we put a trap pad on the bottom. That's your back is. It's filled with sliced bread and tied in a tight package.

BOB: You see, Mrs. Robbins, you have your sandwiches all in one package.

BESS: (LAUGHINGLY) Well, you'll probably have cereal by the time you get through.

JIM: I'LL bet you we don't break a single egg, Boss.
(DOOR OPENS - OFF)

MARY: (OFF) Hello? May I come in?

BESS: Of course, Mary. Come right in.

BOB: Hello, Mary. How are you?

MARY: Why, Bob, I didn't know you were here.

BOB: See, you look charming like ever.

MARY: Thank you, Bob. Where's Jerry?

JERRY: (FADING IN) Here's the room, Jim. Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Good morning, Jerry. Where's the package?
Are you moving?

JERRY: We're going to make some tests dropping supplies from the plane.

MARY: Oh, I see.

JERRY: You should have seen the last tests we made. I got two birds' eyes.

MARY: That's grand, Jerry.

JERRY: One of 'em was just luck, I guess. But the other one was science. I figured it out ---

JIM: (CHUCKLING) This is the third time we've heard about the bull's eye this morning, Mary.

JERRY: No, it's --- well -- it's only the second time.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) 'Scuse me. Guess I lost count, Jerry. Here, let me have the clothes line. I'll cut it the same length as the other shrouds.

BESS: There goes my perfectly good clothes line.

JIM: Here you are, Jerry. Tie this one on a corner of the chute.

BOB: What's that stuff you're using for parachutes?

JERRY: They're wool socks. It's a new kind of parachute material. Some folks are trying out.

JIM: Huh. If they work all right, they'll be easy to get. And a complete parachute only costs about forty cents.

JERRY: I wonder where the heck Slim is? He can't wait much longer. For him, can we Jim?

JIM: No. We better get going. I wanted to be sure he understood what he's supposed to do, though.

JERRY: And I want to be sure that he understands. I got him three pounds of tobacco that he couldn't smoke as many bull's-eyes as I did.

BOB: Maybe that's why he's not here.

JIM: No, Slim. He's just taking his time, I guess, like those moles at Slim's.

BESS: You could call his place, Jim.

BOB: I called him a few minutes ago, Mrs. Robbins, and there wasn't any answer. He's probably on his way now.

JIM: I guess we'd better go ahead up to the landing field and not wait, though. Bob, you can tell Slim how he's supposed to handle those packages in the plane, can't you?

BOB: Sure.

JIM: It'll take Jerry and me an hour to drive up to the field. — Be sure that Slim understands about dropping the stuff, won't you?

BOB: I'll take care of him all right.

JIM: And be sure you check the safety belt and get it adjusted properly so he can see out the door. The door's taken off, isn't it?

BOB: Yes, we did that at the hangar before I left.

JIM: Good. Now all of this stuff is pretty light and it'll drift with the wind quite a distance. Tell Slim to use the door jambs or the plane to sight the target and check the landing position of every package.

BOB: All right.

JIM: He'll have to grab the package and chute at the same time and shove us out and down. Tell him to be careful never to release the chute before the load or it'll get caught on the tail surfaces of the ship.

BOB: Sure, I know.

JIM: All of the packages are numbered. Drop 'em one at a time and then circle until Slim can plot the landing position.

BOB: Okay.

JIM: I guess that's all.

BOB: Shall I come back here right after the tests?

JIM: M-m-m no. I'd better land up there so we can try some of
as the second time, if we need to.

BOB: That field's okay, is it?

JERRY: We landed on it the last time.

BOB: It oughta be all right.

JIM: We'll get going then. (FADING) See you at the field. Bob,
Eve, Bess.

SCREEN DOOR OPENS

BESS: Goodbye Jim.

JERRY: (FADING) So long, Mary. Goodbye, Mrs. Robbins.

OTHERS REPLY

SCREEN DOOR SLAMS SHUT

MARY: Oh, I wish I were going up with you, Bob.

BOB: So do I, Mary. But it's pretty damp up there today.

MARY: I wouldn't mind that a bit.

BOB: Anyhow there won't be any room up there for all those
packages in.

BESS: I wonder if I should call Slim.

MARY: You don't suppose there's anything wrong with him?

BOB: (LAUGHINGLY) No, Mary. He's too tough to get sick.

BOB: I'll bet he got cold feet at the last minute.

BESS: Well, he doesn't like to go up in a plane.

MARY: But he's been up several times.

BESS: I know, but I think the only reason he ever went was to
help Jim.

TELEPHONE RINGS

BOB: Maybe that's him now.

BESS: (FADING A BIT) I expect it is. (RECEIVER CLICKS) Hello Pine Cone Ranch Station. Yes, this is Mrs. Robbins speaking. Slim. What is it?... Oh, that's too bad. This morning? And the doctor told you to stay in bed. But Jim is expecting you right away. Well, I suppose that would be all. Yes. Well, if there's anything I can do, Slim, you let me know. And I hope you get better right away. Goodbye.

HANGS UP

MARY: Is he ill, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: (FADING OUT) It's all pneumonia, as says. The doctor told me he'd have to stay in bed.

BOB: (CHUCKLES) I bet it came on awful sudden. (RECEIVER) Say, what are we going to do about the tests?

BESS: Oh, honey, I don't know. And Jim just left.

MARY: Can't you get someone else Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: I don't think Jim would want Slim or anybody else to go up if they really didn't want to. But I don't try to get one of the guards.

BOB: We ought to make those tests today. Well, the weather's good or scarce. If we can't get anybody else, I can pick up Jerry at the field and let him do it again, but --

MARY: Listen, Mrs. Robbins --

BESS: Yes, Mary.

MARY: Why don't I take his place?

BESS: Even in the airplane?

MARY: Of course. Mr. Robbins told all the mechanics and light, as I could just then, and I would like tell Bob all what you've to handle then. I think I could do it.

BESS: It's sweet of you to think of it, Mary. But I'm sure it wouldn't do.

MARY: But why not?

BESS: Well --- I don't think Jim would like you to do it.

MARY: But he'd like it less if the tests weren't made.

BESS: I know, Mary, not ---

MARY: Well, I'll have to tell him there anyway to tell him.

BOB: That's right. And Robbins.

MARY: Don't you think it would be all right for me to do it, Bob?

BOB: I don't see any objection to it, Mary.

MARY: I'm sure I could.

BOB: I've only wish me if Mrs. Robbins were as.

BESS: But you aren't dressed for it, Mary. You can't go in there.

MARY: I'll go home and get on my riding clothes and boots.

BESS: Well --- I guess it'll be all right, if you'll be careful, Mary.

MARY: Oh, I promise you I will. Every single minute. (Exit) I'll be back as quickly as I can.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

FADE IN PLANE - IN DISTANCE. - GRADUALLY DRAWING CLOSER

JERRY: Now, Jim, you could drop anything with those parachutes. Even a medicine kit.

JIM: It's like some old-time ball game. Like, you'd have to put him on a plane and instead of out-muscling. (CHUCKLING)

JERRY: He's only made two calls - yes. He hasn't got the best yet -
Here they come back again

JIM: Those are taking about three hundred feet, same as last time.

JERRY: They're going faster than before. Eddie's right over the target.

JIM: Looks like you've come back that three pounds of tobacco.
(CHUCKLING)

JERRY: No I won't. Slim couldn't even get the ball's-eye if it weren't for Eddie's rising. He shows up perfect every time.

PLANE IS GLOST

JIM: (AROUND ROAD OF PLANE) Here they come. Better get off the target or you'll get hit.

JERRY: Not this time.

JIM: Look. He's hit it yet.

PLANE TO MAXIMUM ALTITUDE

JERRY: He dropped it too quick.

JIM: The chute hasn't opened yet.

JERRY: I'll bet Slim forgot to check it before he dropped it.

JIM: Maybe it's caught on the parachute.

JERRY: There it goes. It's opened up now.

JIM: It's coming down pretty fast.

JERRY: It'll still drift past the target.

JIM: I-m-a see.

JERRY: I hope there aren't any more in this one, the way it's coming.

JIM: Only one crater left.

- JERRY: Say, it ain't nothin' like I thought it was. It's just as I thought it was.
- JIM: You bet it ain't -- look at the weather.
- JERRY: I've got 'em, Jim.
- JERRY: I've got 'em, Jim.
- JIM: All you look at that, Jerry? It landed right on the edge of the target.
- JERRY: If you're outside, I win.
- JIM: Now. Only one small corner's outside the circle.
- JERRY: Well, I'll be damned.
- JIM: (GROANING) Looks to me like Slim's got you beat this time.
- JERRY: Oh, you jumped on it as soon as it hit the ground. If you let it slide away it would be outside the circle, I'd bet you. Slim's got the inside. Why I even say.
- JIM: I wouldn't call two consecutive bullseyes luck. That's balance.
- JERRY: Aw, he wouldn't do it again if he had to.
- JIM: Looks like another circling hawk to me.
- JERRY: Yes, Slim'll never let me forget this.
- JIM: Well, he's got the bullseye and he's got the target to it --
- JERRY: Uh-huh. I don't see anything but looks spotted over.
- JIM: I'll bet it's that.
- JERRY: But it's well protected with a board on the top and bottom.
- JIM: Flip that board over on the bottom -- that's it.
- JERRY: There's a hole with a tent in it.
- FLAME FALLS IN TO LAND
- JIM: There aren't any broken men that I can see.
- JERRY: Looks like another damned perfect shot.

JOE: It looks at this. Did Slim sure come through in that case?
I thought he was scared of a plane.

JERRY: I still think it's a flake.

JIM: Well, it shows that these home-made parascutes'll work all right
for dropping light loads, at least. We'll have to try some more
heavier next time.

PLANE TAKES TO CLOSE AND STOPS, MOTOR IDLING

JERRY: Here they come.

JIM: Um-hum. Let's go over to the plane.

JERRY: There's Bob crawling out of the cabin now.

JOE: Where's Slim?

JERRY: He's probably so anxious to tell us he won't get lost, he
hasn't got himself out of the safety belt.

JOE: (FADING IN) Hi, Jerry -- Jim.

JIM: Say, you fellows did a mighty good job this time, Bob.

JOE: Didn't bad at all, was it?

JERRY: Naw, not bad.

JIM: Where's Slim?

JOE: Slim?

JERRY: Yeah -- He ain't. Tell in a faint did he?

JOE: Oh (LAUGHING) -- He's coming.

MARY: (FADING IN) Hello, Jerry. Hello, Mr. Robbins.

JERRY: (SURPRISED) Why, Mary. Were you in the plane?

JIM: (PUZZLED) Did you stop away, Mary?

MARY: Oh, no. I was one of the crew.

JERRY: Well, where's Slim?

MARY: He's home in bed with the flu.

JERRY: He's what?

MARY: Come in now.

JERRY: You mean -- you --

MARY: Of course. Don't you think I can speak well?

JIM: Well, Mary, I guess you did, all right.

JERRY: You mean to tell us you dropped all of those packages?

MARY: Every one.

JIM: With a total of three million a year, isn't that right, Jim?

JIM: Right as rain.

JERRY: And I bet Slim that --

MARY: Yes, I know. I really don't think I'd have much use for three pounds of that strong tobacco. But three pounds of cigarettes will do just as well --

JERRY: Three pounds of chocolate --?

MARY: Uh-huh.

JERRY: Well, I'll be happened.

MUSIC: FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you on the Farm and Home Hour every Friday through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the U. S. Forest Service.

10/17/37
10:15 AM

